

not be turned over to idleness. They must not

the colored people in several places, and the ire and wrath of the soldiers was to such a degree, that he was impelled to his quarters, and threatened to shoot him.

Written thus far, when the following was received from the New Orleans correspondent of the *Journal*, which we add, to show the magnitude and infamy to which our North is degraded.

ar sciences, advocate to the spirit of the
son of Emancipation, and revolting to
have recently been witnessed in the
district, where not a little excitement
led, in consequence of the attempts of
planters to recover their runaway
or the good old Southern fashion.
A avost-Judge, Lieutenant-Colonel Laith
High New Hampshire regiment, has
ions for his eagerness to pander to the
of the 'owners' of human chattels,
ioned at Thibodeaux, he was obnoxious

issue proclamations to the effect that
slaves might take their fugitive slaves by
rever they could find them within my
the prosecution of this enabling
ances have come to my knowledge in
soldiers have been employed. In one
bodeaux, negro men and women have
ed, captured, thrown to the ground,
h cords, placed in carts, and conveyed
rd of cavalymen to the places of their
servitude. One poor fellow was
to a bayon, and there drew up his

not infrequently bribe the soldiers to
On being taxed with this, by Captain
the Provost-Marshal, one caught in the
erced as follows: "How do you suppose
ing to get on niggers, unless you help,
are you here for?"

Results of superseding Gen. Butler are be-
to be manifest. When we remember
recall was dated the same day on which
McLellan was superseded, we cannot re-

Erick Douglas and the War. ERICK DOUGLAS Esq. will Lecture, in the Street A. M. E. Church, between Johnson and Myrtle Avenue, [Rev. R. H. Cais, Pastor] Thursday Evening, Feb. 19, 1863, at half past seven o'clock. Subject: "The Black Man's War." Admission 25 cents. Proceeds benefit of said Church. Refreshments at the Vestry. Admissions Free.

THE NEWS.

CONGRESS.
SATURDAY, FEB. 7.
At last, we briefly stated the prominent
discussion on Saturday, Feb. 7. The
debate has since brought us additional par-
TE.—**Emancipation in Missouri.**
to aid Emancipation in Missouri was
and till a late hour, and occupies nearly

point in debate was whether the amount of pension money should be 20 millions of dollars or 25 millions. Some of those who favored the amendment by making it 25 millions, stated they would not vote for the bill, if they lost. The amendment was rejected. The proposed amendment was to strike the clause limiting the sum paid for each pensioner.

\$300. This was also rejected. Her amendment proposed by Mr. W. Cook of Missouri, was to substitute three years or twelve months, as the time allowed to the State of Missouri, to act on the subject, and that the State Constitution must be amended—also that the unsettled condition of the Territory, at present, prevented free action at the time, and that nothing prevented free

The amendment was rejected. The debate turned on the bill itself. FRANK P. BLISS, of Kentucky, spoke against the bill. He said the resolution recommended to Congress by the President, as the result of his conference with the Border State delegation, was "that the United States ought to deal with any State which may adopt gradual emancipation of slavery, giving to such State the right to be used by such State, in its disposal."

to compensate for the inconvenience, and private, produced by such change of

Davis said he was one of those who voted resolution. But the President told the State delegation that he did not propose a practical measure," but "proposed it consideration, as a settlement." The nt said to us:

not assume that Congress has the power

State delegation that he did not propose a practical measure," but "proposed it for consideration, as a settlement." The

not assume that Congress has the power to pass such a measure, but the Constitution is so construed as to give it the right to do so, and offer it to be sustained as a practical measure; I add it to your consideration as a proposition I desire you to lay before the people of the respective States."

DAVIS continued, and in that sense alone, the President of the United States conformed to this sentiment to the favorable consideration of the members of Congress who represent the border slave States. He gave his interpretation of the measure, and he has the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence that point, that it was possible for Davis, for, at the close of the Convention of this session, in his annual message to Congress he recommends an amendment of the Constitution of the United States which shall confer on Congress the power to pass all laws necessary to carry out the resolution, and the President afterwards explained it, in the course to which I have referred.

It was always been of the opinion, and I am sure it will continue to be, that the spontaneous or of her own free will, determines to emancipate slaves, then, in the form of colonizing the slaves, the United States ought to give aid, and ought to send troops to the States liberated, to transport the negroes, that is liberated, from the State, and from the States.

DAVIS. I desire to learn, as a matter of favor, any gentleman who advocates this measure, and what is the power that Congress has to do it. Will they point to the provision of the Constitution which authorizes it?

TRUMBULL. Will the Senator point from Kentonallow me?

DAVIS. Certainly.

TRUMBULL. The Senator will find it in that clause which allows the appropriation to Davis.

DAVIS. Will the Senator point me to that?

TRUMBULL. Mr. President, I understood Senator from Kentucky to say, a moment ago that he thought the United States ought to do it, he was in favor of their aiding, when they abolished slavery, to deport the

he finds the authority to aid in taking out of the country.

DAVIS. I understand the astute gentleman of Illinois; there is no such clause in the Constitution; but the Constitution could be amended. The President recommended, to put it.

You know, sir, that there is no such in the Constitution; otherwise you would not.

notice here, the virtual agreement of Mr. FULL (Republican) and Mr. DAVIS (Democrat) Congress has no constitutional power to compensate the slave masters, or to col-

the slaves.]

DAVIS said, Congress has as much authority to appropriate money to the State of Missouri as it has to establish a system of common schools, to build churches, or found eleemosynary institutions.

He also quoted the prohibition in the Constitution:—"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or agreement."

—and argued that the compact between

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

TRIPLING.

Trifler, who, with subtle art,
Captives takes the unguarded heart,
Flattering now with soft address,
Whispering words of tenderness,
Looking love from eyes that never
Beamed with aught but passion's fever—
Trifler beware!

Though that heart may be overcome,
And thou boast of victory won,
Through within its deep recesses,
Filled with riches fathomless,
Thou alone may'st tramp at pleasure,
Love heaped on thee without measure—
Trifler beware!

Time may come when even thine—
Frozen by the frosts of time,
Melting in some genial sun,
Shall forever be undone.
Lest this accident befall thee,
Or some curse more dread appall thee—
Trifler beware!

THE PROCLAMATION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Saint Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, sleeping, heard these words:
"Arise, and leave the land of bondage, and be free!"
Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to his golden keys,
He rose, a man, who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.
He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,
Through back and limb
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon him!"

So went he forth; but in God's time he came
To light on Ullin's hills a holy flame,
And, dying, gave
The land a saint, that lost him as a slave.
O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And Freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!
Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heed only on his head the coils of prayer!
Go forth, like him, like him return again
To bless the land whereon, in bitter pain,
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed—
—Athena.

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning, early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our darling little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee,
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree, so tall and high,
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
In the very best way I can see;
'Glorious! glorious!' it is saying,
And that is all its prayer."
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky.

"My child! God is no nearer
To robin on the tree,
Than does not hear him clearer
Than he does not hear thee."
For he hears the angels harping,
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birds chirping,
Down in their leafy nest.

"Mamma, if you should hide me,
All covered in a dark, low place,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then help me to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in a dark, low place,
Do you think that Jesus, holy,
Would know what I was saying?"

"My darling little lisper,
God's light is never dim;
The very lowest whisper
Is always close to Him."
—Mother's Journal.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT,
OR, THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

BY MRS. MARIA GODDARD FROST.

CHAPTER V.

SABBATH TEACHINGS.

Sabbath was always a busy day, at the parsonage. As Miss Denby used to say, "They were all as busy as bees." The old house itself was well stored with manna for the following day, and each worn garment duly mended, folded, and put in just the right place. Every article of apparel designed to be used on the Sabbath, was fully prepared and placed in a corner of the owner's wardrobe assigned for that end. So when the holy day came, it found the Stanleys fully prepared to enjoy alike its rest and its duties. There was no running to and fro, or asking, "where is this?" or "where is that?" or "what shall I wear?" or "what shall we have for breakfast?" "what shall we have for dinner?" "what shall we have for tea?" these incidents having been fully anticipated and arranged. Sabbath morning found Mr. Stanley in the study, at an early hour, while Mrs. Stanley, with her group of little ones, her domestic, and sometimes Miss Denby, were established at a cosy little round table, in the great square keeping room. Here little Frank, after repeating his verse, was kept quiet, by being allowed to turn over and examine the Sunday cards and pictures, of which Mr. Stanley had provided a bountiful supply. The others examined the Sabbath school lesson, with much interest and animation.

The inquisitive minds of Clarence and Mabel furnished many themes of interest. It was on one of these occasions, that Mabel greatly shocked Miss Denby, by proposing the question—"How do we know that the Bible is true?"

"Mercy on us, child! Why, it is the word of God," said the amazed Miss Denby.

"How do you know that, Miss Denby?" asked Mabel.

"Did you ever now, Mrs. Stanley? That child talks like an infidel," said Miss Denby.

"I do not regard the question out of place," said Mrs. Stanley, "but am glad Mabel has asked it, since it was upon her mind."

"I have thought of it too, mother," said Clarence.

"It is very natural you should," said Mrs. Stanley. "I will remember when I was a little girl, asking the same question, for which I received a severe reproof from my Sabbath school teacher. There are many proofs, my dear children, and I shall be happy to gratify you, this evening; we must now return to the Bible lesson before us."

It was Mrs. Stanley's custom to meet her children, after service, for prayer and conversation. These were seasons of deep interest to all. Sometimes Mr. Stanley joined the group, when not too much fatigued by the labors of the day. When evening came, both Clarence and Mabel were eager to remind Mrs. Stanley of her promise.

Miss Denby threw her red silk pocket-handkerchief around her neck, closed the great family Bible, and drew up, to listen.

"Can either of you, my children, think of any evidence or proof, that the Bible is the word of God?"

"Why mother," said Clarence, "it seems to me very strange, if the Bible was written by wicked men, and false pretenders, that they should give us such good rules of life, and insist so much on holy living."

"Very well, my son, you have indeed given us a valuable proof. Wicked men may tell some truths, and furnish some good rules of life, but the universal goodness of the Bible's precepts, is an evidence that it is written by good men, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Such are its own claims, and a proof that those claims are false must be required of an opposer."

"Was the Bible all written at once, mother?" asked Clarence.

"No, my dear, it was written at different times, and by different persons, so you see it is quite remarkable that the agreement of its parts is so perfect, in respect to truth and duty. Here we find another evidence of its divine authority. Again, the story of Jesus Christ is related by the four evangelists, yet we find it, in all important particulars, alike, while the slight variations, in unimportant items, add to its weight and force. Do you all see this?"

"I see it plainly, mother," said Clarence.

"Why it would be very strange for so many different writers to agree about right and wrong."

"Yet," said Mabel, "it might be possible that one person wrote the stories of Jesus Christ."

"Scarcely possible, Mabel, for the style is so different, and as I noticed before, there are slight variations, some having noted particular things that were overlooked by others."

"Are these all the proofs?" asked Mabel.

"No indeed! There are very many more. I might talk to you all night, but that is not necessary. I will mention but a few, now, that you may remember them better, and when you are older you shall read for yourselves. You will recollect that in the Old Testament several wicked cities are mentioned, and their destruction predicted."

"Yes, mother," exclaimed the children.

"Well, my dears, the names of those cities are given, and the exact particulars of their overthrow, related just as they occurred, hundreds of years afterward, in some instances, and after the death of the prophet who saw their future destiny in a vision."

"How do you know that it was so long afterward?" asked Mabel.

"Because historians who care nothing about Christianity have made a record of these events, and the dates have been carefully compared. Another thing that adds to the weight of this proof is that the circumstances foretold, were of a kind very unlikely to happen, and were seemingly impossible."

"What were the cities?" asked Mabel.

"Babylon was one, and a very great and powerful city it was. There is not now in the world a city of such magnificence and splendor. You may take your Bibles and turn to Isaiah 13, 22."

"It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in, from generation to generation, neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there."

"But will beasts of the desert, shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

"And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."

"In the days of the prophets," continued Mrs. Stanley, "this seemed very unlikely. Hundreds of years afterward, Babylon was overthrown, not completely at one time, but by successive invasions. Writers have informed us that these palaces were the habitations of doleful creatures, as was predicted. Afterwards, when these beautiful dwellings crumbled to decay, the site of the city, by the overflowing of the river Euphrates, 'became as pools of water,' which was also foretold by the prophet."

"How very curious!" said Mabel.

"How wonderful!" said Clarence.

"Yes," said their mother, "and this is but one of many, in each of which the circumstances foretold, are different from the rest, yet have transpired, in every respect, exactly as the prophet said; in some instances, hundreds of years after."

"What other cities were there mother?" asked Mabel.

"Damascus is one, and Tyre another. In the case of Tyre the name of the conqueror was given, with other minute particulars; and the fulfillment occurred nineteen years after the prophecy."

"How very interesting!" said Mabel.

"Mother, I wish you would talk all night," said Clarence.

"You can read a better account than I can give, in the excellent work on Infidelity, by Dr. Nelson,* which I think you, Clarence, are old enough to understand. One thing more I will refer to, and then we must close for this evening."

"You are both familiar with the prediction of Christ concerning Jerusalem."

"And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed about with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains, and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries round thereunto; for these be the days of vengeance."

"It is well known that when the Roman general, Cestrius, conquered that remarkable city, when it was deluged in blood, and so many were crucified that there was no longer room to plant a cross, there were no Christians there, they had gone to Pella. Josephus, in recording the event, remarks that when the Roman General himself had taken the city with ease, he led his army away, without any just occasion. This we account for, by the fact that God's people were there, and that he had given them the promised sign, intending that

they should escape, as they did. Thus we see that the facts of history help to confirm the truth of God's word."

WOMEN.

From an interesting article in *Harper's Monthly* for February, entitled "A Tilt at the Woman Question" we extract the following: We may not endorse all its sentiments, but it at least presents food for thought.

Women have made modern civilization. Without them society could not endure: without the influence of their pure and correct instincts all would go to wreck. That is the corrective—not the only one, but certainly the most powerful, for all the evils our civilization brings in its train. Woman is the conservative element in modern society. That country which has been called the modern Sodom—if it is to be saved, it will be by the few pious women who remain, who, when all is over, will be left alone, with a power—not in their own direct and manifest way, but in the results of their teachings and their prayers, upon the men, their sons, brothers, and husbands, who are beginning to speak, here and there, in corrupt France, in a language strange to many of the countrymen, but nevertheless full of force and bearing the seeds of great results, the hope of a moral regeneration. If this France, from which all moral purity seemed to have departed, is ever converted and purified, it will be saved by the unseen influence of a few good and noble women. In Sodom of old were not found ten righteous men; perhaps if Lot had been told that there were two pure women he could easily have found them.

But if women have made our civilization, it is worth while to ask what their creature debt is to them? How has it rewarded them? There are those who believe that it has given but little, and that gradually, as the world is a moment, the places which women have held from the beginning. Among the lowest savages, she is the drudge. Ascending to the next stage of human development, we find her the breeder of children, valued chiefly for the quality of fecundity—to multiply and replenish the earth was the work assigned her. A stage higher, and she becomes the tool of man's passions and of his leisure. Yet another stage, and—half slave rather—and we reach the Middle Ages, when women were half toy, half idol, worshipped and defiled in the same breath. Then came the great Protestant Reformation; born, as Tetzl was fond of saying, of the wedding of a monk with a nun (Catherine von Bora, Luther's wife), and assuredly never carried through had it not been for the courage and the wisdom of brave and wise women. From that day, the place of woman has been assigned her by God in Paradise—the companion of man.

And the equal? We cannot make equals and superiors: Nature is the true Democrat. You can not, by any thing you can do, by laws or enactments, make Smith the equal of Jones. You may indeed force them to be equal—but then they cease to be free. Why should superior cry out to be equal when they are already superior?

Is this avoiding the question? Drudge, breeder, toy, idol, companion—is there no gain to woman from her work? The mistake which many make, is to think that man has given all this to woman; that she is what he chooses to make her; that she accepts what he consents, for his own advantage and from his own good-nature, to give. So women take, with better of heart, their place in life—and will they may, if they feel themselves beggars, and their life the bone flung to a dog. But the world given, is the ancient picture of Rome as a woman, partly because her favors are not given, but must be conquered. What women are, they have made themselves; their place they have achieved; they owe no thanks to men. What they are to be, for women and not for men to decide. In the Journal of Master Albrecht Dürer (1521) is this passage: "Master Gerhard, illustrious in Art, was a daughter about eighteen years old; her name was Susannah, and she has illuminated a parchment of a Saviour's head, for which I gave a florin. It is a great marvel that a woman could do so much!" Three centuries later, and Rosa Bonheur hangs her masterpieces in the places of honor in every Exhibition; but no one wonders "what a woman can do so much," why? Because she has done it. I said, a while back, that the stupid world had a curious reverence for facts; see here a proof. "Shall women be painters?" you ask the world, and it calmly replies, "Yes, if they will paint well." That is all. But if you insist that they shall paint in a certain mode, and that then the world shrugs its shoulders and says, "you lack common sense. For a painter, to the world, is a painter, a writer, a worker, a worker, and so far as the work goes, the world, which is extremely practical, and looks only to the results, does not want to know any thing about the sex of the producer. Those great religious pictures, Leonardo's, and painted in 1555. In his dedicatory preface to the Senate of Geneva, Calvin alludes to Servetus in the following terms:

"But since the trouble which this vain fellow endeavored to cause me reaches you also, it is but just you should partake the blessed truth of the *Principia*, which he is so eager to have you read. And yet, though I ever have your good wishes, I have felt it to be my duty to testify, with all my ability, my gratitude. The performance of this my duty will also plainly testify what 'that doctrine' which you have protected by your favor and authority. And although it becomes neither pleasant nor pleasant to the State, nor the Church, to be too anxious about rumors and tumults; and though all insidious revilings (which are generally lost by degrees, in the noise which they make,) should be despised both by rulers and ministers of Christ, with fortitude and an exalted mind, yet it is of the utmost importance that the great reality of the truth be maintained, and that the people be led, and as (as engraven on public tablets) before the eyes of all, that the plain statement of it may condemn and stop the false tongues of the foolish, the vain, or the wicked; and at the same time, repress the frivolous whispers of the people in general."

"There was spread abroad, in many places, a rumor, that Servetus was a heretic, and was severely bound in prison, whereas, he was perfectly free and flying about the city openly every day. And with what malignity some virulent ones imagined and stated that I wished him to be put to death, you are yourselves my best witnesses. To refute such calumnies and all their kind, I have written this, and will still they shall be vanquished, by contempt and tranquil magnanimity, is the becoming duty of gravity and prudence."

This appeal of Calvin to the whole Senate of Geneva, in behalf of his own innocence in the affair of the burning of Servetus, should silence his enemies forever.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY ON THE WORKING CLASSES.

A great political authority of the present day has counseled the young men of this country, and especially of the working classes, not to "waste their time on literature, but to devote it to the study of the sciences, and to the education of the people."

Persons of this class seem to fancy that the allusion of man is "to get on;" according to them, to elevate men means, chiefly, to improve the circumstances; and no doubt, they would look with infinite contempt on any effort such as that to interest men on subjects which, most assuredly, will give them no cheerier food or higher wages.

"On the principles of political economy, in order to stem, if possible, the torrent of those dangerous opinions that threaten the whole fabric of society. Give them, if you will, lectures on science, on chemistry, on mechanics, on any subject which bears on real and actual life;

but really, in this work-day age, rhyming is out of place, and out of date. We have no time for poetry and pretences." If, indeed, to have enough to eat and enough to drink were the whole of man—if the highest life consisted in what our American brethren call "going a-broad"—if the highest ambition for working men were the triumph of some political faction, the discussion of our present subject would be waste of breath and time. But it appears to me, that in this age of mechanics and political economy, when every heart seems "dry as summer-dust," what we want is, such a "not half so much—light for the intellect, as dew upon the heart; time and leisure to cultivate that spirit that is within us."—Rev. F. W. Robertson's *Lecture on Wordsworth*.

BLAMING PROVIDENCE FOR OUR OWN FAULTS.

There are many who, shaking their heads, would say that was "an overrunning Providence"—that convenient scapegoat for all the human stupidity extant—which kills little babies, and puts a tombstone over young girls who should have lived to be the healthy mothers of healthy sons and daughters. With convenient theology for bad cooks, unwise school teachers, and careless, ignorant parents! Providence approves of fat, rolicking babies—of round, healthy girls—of deep-chested women—of muscular men, and sound physical specimens, of every kind—Bless you—he doesn't bend spines nor make drunkards or thieves. He doesn't send you those scolding mothers, who run breathlessly round and round the nursery treadmill, till they drop dead in the harness, and leave eight or nine children motherless. He doesn't manufacture scrofulous constitutions out of unwholesome food, bad ventilation, and dissipated habits. It is not one of the ten commandments that babies should be taught Greek and Latin before they can read their teeth, that they may become idiots before maturity; or that school girls should drink strong coffee for breakfast, and eat rich pastry and pickles for luncheon. It is high time that people should their own sins, called things by their right names, and told the truth at funerals and on tombstones, if they must say anything there, at all.—Fanny Fern.

There is much truth in the above. But we should not exclude "an overrunning Providence" from the results. It is the order of Divine Providence that wrong doers should be punished, by eating the fruit of their own ways, and being filled with their own devices. Providence is not as benevolent as it is retributive.

Foreigners complain that our women are petted and spoiled. But they mistake the difference we pay them for severity; and they do not perceive how important is the share which women have in our rapid development—how vast the influence the mothers and sisters and wives of America have wielded, more especially in the free States, where they have been the civilizers of the rudest backwoods, the teachers of manners as well as morals. Had they been other or less than they were, American society, in many ways forced to rule and savage expedients, would have been despicable indeed, and free government would have become impossible in our States, long ago.

Who raises the church and the school-house around which every new-born Western village is gathered? It is the women of the new settlement. Who has carried the arts and refinements of civilization from the East to the farthest West, of far-off Minnesota? Our women. And in this hour of national trial, who has sent our million men to the field, but the women? And at what sacrifice to themselves! Nowhere in the world was ever a whole nation's womanhood so tenderly cared for, as with us; nowhere did women give up so much when they gave up husbands, brothers, and fathers, for the cause of their country.

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made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, prospects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, or because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

"HEAVY DAYS" IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.—We find the following in the last *United States Mail*: "Some idea will be given of the immense labor in the New York Postoffice, when the fact is mentioned that on Tuesday last, in addition to the usual work, there were received by steamer from Newbern, N. C., 66,000 letters; Port Royal, 16,000; and three mails from New Orleans by different steamers, bringing about 15,000—making, in all, nearly 100,000 extra letters, in one day. On the following morning, by the arrival of the Saxonia with the European mails, were received over 30,000 letters."

"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four year old, of a venerable lady, who sat on the garden seat, knitting. "No my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little one. "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical study, and grandma her knitting.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.